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GLOBE LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

CARPENTERS AND JOINERS

Local Union No. 1030 United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. Meets each Thursday at Firemen's Hall at 7:30 p. m. S. H. Wood, president; F. W. Tenbrook, financial secretary; J. M. Bell, treasurer.

MINERS

GLOBE MINERS UNION NO. 63, W. F. M.—Meets every Tuesday at 7 p. m. Robert Elliott, president; M. H. Page, secretary.

PRINTERS

Globe Typographical Union, No. 367. Meets first Sunday in each month at 4 p. m. in Silver Belt office. C. V. Marcellus, president; Carl F. Holdsworth, secretary.

CLERKS

Store and Office Employees' Union. Meets second Monday of each month in Miners' hall, at 7:30 p. m. A. H. Hargrave, president, R. R. Ballard, secretary.

BARBERS

Journeyman Barbers' International Union of America. Meets last Tuesday in each month at 8:30 p. m. Newport Barber shop. Sol Flora, president; Otto Perdue, secretary.

BARTENDERS

Bartenders' International League of America, No. 512. Meets first and third Thursdays in Taylor's Barber shop. A. J. Leonard, president; M. L. Perry, Secretary-treasurer.

PAINTERS

Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paper Hangers of America, No. 217. Meets each Tuesday night in Keegan's hall. W. B. Aiken, president; A. P. Eaton, vice-president; J. A. Clark, Secretary.

Union Announcements

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F. L. Toombs, Manager
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Globe's Leading Theater
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Cedar Brook Whiskey
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SCHLITZ—that makes all men akin:
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We drink—and call for SCHLITZ again.

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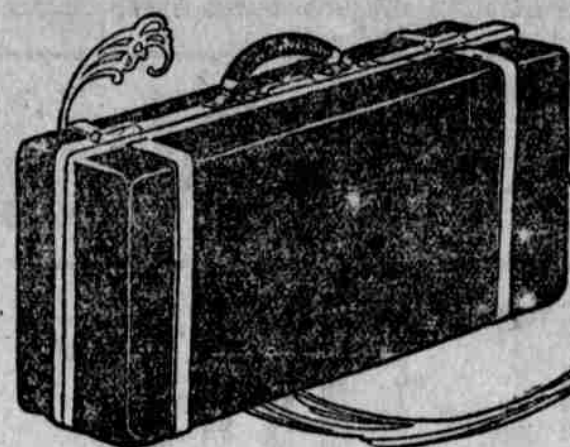
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DR. E. DAWKINS
ST. LOUIS JEWELRY & OPTICAL COMPANY
437 Broad Street



The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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CHAPTER I—(Continued)

"Pardon me," Mr. Calendar's moon-like countenance darkened. He assumed a transparent dignity. "You misconstrue my motive, sir."

"Then I'm sorry."

"I am not here to borrow. On the other hand, quite by accident I discovered your name upon the register downstairs, a good old Frisco name. If you will permit me to say so, I thought to myself that here was a chance to help a fellow countryman."

Calendar paused interrogatively. Kirkwood remained interested, but silent. "If a passage across would help you, I—I think it might be arranged," stammered Calendar, ill at ease.

"It might," admitted Kirkwood speculatively. "I could fix it so that you could go over—first class, of course—and pay your way, so to speak, by rendering us, me and my partner, a trifling service."

"Ah!"

"In fact," continued Calendar, warming up to his theme, "there might be something more in it for you than the passage if—if you're the right man, the man I'm looking for."

"That, of course, is the question."

"Eh?" Calendar pulled up suddenly in a full winged flight of enthusiasm. Kirkwood eyed him steadily. "I said that it is a question, Mr. Calendar, whether or not I am the man

and the incident simultaneously with a smart bang of finality. Laughing quietly, he went back to the window, with its dreary outlook, now the drearier for lengthening evening shadows.

"I wonder what his game is, anyway. An adventurer, of course. The woods are full of 'em. A queer fish, even of his kind. And with a trick up his sleeve as queer and fishy as himself, no doubt."

CHAPTER II.

THE assumption seems not unwarrantable that Mr. Calendar figuratively washed his hands of Mr. Kirkwood. Unquestionably Mr. Kirkwood considered himself well rid of Mr. Calendar. When the latter had gone his way, Kirkwood, mindful of the fact that his boat train would leave St. Paul at 11:30, set about his packing and dismissed from his thoughts the incident created by the fat adventurer and at 6 o'clock or thereabouts let himself out of his room, dressed for the evening, a light raincoat over one arm, in the other hand a cane, the drizzle having ceased.

A solid British lift carried him down to the ground floor of the establishment in something short of five minutes. Pausing in the office long enough to settle his bill and leave instructions to have his luggage conveyed to the boat train, he received with entire equanimity the affable benediction of the clerk, in whose eyes he still figured as that radiant creature, an American millionaire, and passed on to the lobby, where he surrendered hat, coat and stick to the cloakroom attendant entering the dining room.

The hour was a trifle early for a London dinner, the handsome room but moderately filled with patrons. Kirkwood absorbed the fact unconsciously and without displeasure. The earlier the better, he was determined to consume his last civilized meal as he chose to consider it at his serene leisure, to live fully his ebbing moments in the world to which he was born, to drink to its claying dregs one ultimate draft of luxury.

With a deferential flourish the waiter brought him the menu card. He had served in his time many an American millionaire; he had also served this Mr. Kirkwood, and respected him as one exalted above the run of his kind in that he comprehended the art of dining.

Fifteen minutes later the waiter departed rejecting, his order complete. To distract a conscience whispering of extravagance Kirkwood lighted a cigarette.

"I was looking for some one to serve me in a certain capacity."

"You're looking for. Between you and me and the firebugs, I don't believe I am. Now, if you wish to name your quid pro quo, this trifling service I'm to render in recognition of your benevolence, you may."

"Ye-es," slowly. But the speaker delayed his reply until he had surveyed his host from head to foot with a glance both critical and appreciative.

He saw a man in height rather less than the stock size six feet so much in demand by the manufacturers of modern heroes of fiction—a man a bit round shouldered, too, but otherwise sturdily built, self contained, well groomed.

Kirkwood wears a boy's honest face. No one has ever called him handsome. A few prejudiced persons have decided that he has an interesting countenance. The propounders of this verdict have been, for the most part, females. Kirkwood himself has been heard to declare that his features do not fit. In its essence the statement is true, but there is a very real, if undelimited, engaging quality in their very irregularity. His eyes are brown, pleasant, set wide apart, straightforward of expression.

Now, it appeared that, whatever his motive, Mr. Calendar had acted upon impulse in sending his card up to Kirkwood. At all events, this Calendar proved not lacking in penetration. Men of his stamp are commonly endowed with that quality to an eminent degree. Not slow to reckon the caliber of the man before him, the leaven of intuition began to work in his adrope intelligence. He owned himself baffled.

"Thanks," he concluded pensively. "I reckon you're right. You won't do, after all. I've wasted your time—mine too."

"Don't mention it."

Calendar got heavily out of his chair, reaching for his hat and umbrella. "Permit me to apologize for an unwarrantable intrusion, Mr. Kirkwood." He faltered. A worried and calculating look shadowed his small eyes. "I was looking for some one to serve me in a certain capacity."

"Certain or questionable?" propounded Kirkwood blandly, opening the door. Pointedly Mr. Calendar ignored the imputation. "Sorry I disturbed you. Good afternoon, Mr. Kirkwood."

"Goodby, Mr. Calendar." A smile twitched the corners of Kirkwood's too wide mouth.

Calendar stepped hastily out into the hall. Kirkwood closed the door

The room was gradually filling with later arrivals. It was the most favored restaurant in London, and despite the radiant costumes of the women its atmosphere remained sedate and restful.

A cab clattered down the side street on which the window opened.

At a nearby table a woman laughed, quietly happy. Incuriously Kirkwood glanced her way. She was bending forward, smiling, flattering her escort with the adoration of her eyes. They were lovers alone in the wilderness of the crowded restaurant. They seemed very happy.

Kirkwood was conscious of a strange pang of emotion. It took him some time to comprehend that it was envy.

He was alone and lonely. For the first time he realized that no woman had ever looked upon him as the woman at the adjoining table looked upon her lover. He had found time to worship but one mistress—his art.

And he was renouncing her.

He was painfully conscious of what he had missed, had lost or had not yet found—the love of woman.

The sensation was curious, new, unique in his experience.

His cigarette burned down to his fingers as he sat pondering. Abstractedly he ground its fire out in an ash tray.

(To Be Continued.)

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